THE lark was up, the morning grey,
The drum had beat a revelly,
And jolly ſoldiers on the ground
In peaceful camp ſlept ſafe and ſound,
Only one poor ſoldier who
Naught but love could e'er ſubdue,
Wander'd to a neighbouring grove,
There to vent his plaints of love
For women are whimſical changeable things,
Their ſweets like the bees, they're mingled w
They're not to be got without care, toil, and c
They're hard to be won, and are eaſily loſt,
In ſeeking a fair one I found to my ſmart,
I knew not the way, but I loſt my own heart.
Ah! hapleſs day, that e'er I ſaw fair Biddy,
My heart ſhe ſtole away, my head ſhe turn'd qui
The world may laugh and ſtare, tis rarely ſtrai
A lover ſo ſincere, a ſwain admire like me.
She's graceful, tall, and ſlender,
She's brighter than the ſun,
Her looks are ſoft and tender,
But O, her heart's of ſtone;
Nor tears nor ſighs can move her,
My bleeding heart ſhe ſhies,
She knows too well I love her,
To win I ſtrive to pleaſe.
Too vainly once I thought
To win the lovely charmer,
And every method ſought,
In hopes to win and warm her,
But all my hopes are over,
What charms then can I try,
But like a hapleſs lover,
I ſet me down and die.
As on the ground he lay Minerva came that w
In armour bright and gay, and thus to him did ſ
Riſe, ſoldier riſe.
The drum has beat to arms, hark to her loud ala
Hang her beauty, mind your duty, think not of
charms. Riſe, ſoldier riſe.
I'll take you by the hand, I'll lead you thro' the la
I'll give you the command of a well choſen band
Riſe, ſoldier riſe.
Don't be ſtupid, drive away Cupid,
Follow Minerva's wiſe advice,
Soldier go home, nor mind your miſtreſs's ſcorn,
Slight her again, for ſlighted love ſhould ſlight re
The ſoldier thus rous'd from his amorous ſloth,
Haſted away to his duty,
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never more think of her beauty.
Batchelor bluff, batchelor bluff,
High for a heart that is rugged and tough.
He that is ſingle can never wear horns,
He that is ſingle is happy,
He that is marry'd lays upon thorns.
And always is ragged and ſhabby.
Batchelor bluff, &c.
He that is ſingle he fears not the rout,
Nothing to him can be ſweeter,
He has no wife that can whimper and pout,
Or cry can you leave me, dear creature?
Batchelor bluff, &c.
Ye belles and flirts ſo ſmart and fair,
Say, are not ſoldiers form'd for love?
For you ſhall find them all ſincere,
Would you but kind and conſtant prove;
But if you ſlight their paſſion ſtill,
And tyranniſe o'er hearts ſo true,
Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
And will not care one fig for you.
Ah! hold your fooliſh tongue,
A little laughing Cupid ſaid,
Have you not heard it ſung,
That conſtancy will win a maid?
And what on earth can ever prove
Superior to the joys of love.
Let Wiſdom preach in ſchools,
For what has ſhe with love to do?
We go not by the rules,
Unbounded pleaſures we purſue,
On roſy wine our fancies fly,
We every worldly care defy.
Let Mars in council boaſt,
Of reſolution, ſtrength, and art,
Love comes without a hoſt,
And ſteals away the ſoldier's heart,
Love breaks the bow, the ſword, and ſpear,
And turns the angry face of war.
E'en mighty Jove above,
Hath been by Cupid's power o'ercome,
There's none can conquer love,
Tho' arm'd with ſpear, or ſword, or gun,
Then ground your arms ye ſons of war,
None can reſiſt the Britiſh fair.